## WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE. The Difficulties a Man Has in Following

Miscellaneous Advice. On going into a drug store, or looking hrough the advertising columns of a newspaper, one wonders why any body, except out of pure willfulness, should ever die. But when, on the other hand one notices the different things that are regarded as fatal by the doctors, he begins to wonder that any body should be

so illogical as to continue to live. For example, as the winter approaches, a man begins to consider the practical problem of underflannel. But if he lays to heart the different varieties of medical advice he will find himself in the condition of the celebrated long-eared animal between the two bundles of hay. He may not starve, but he will be in serious danger of freezing. I have been looking up the matter. Germany has a famous professor-of flannel. Dr. Jaeger tells all the world that it must dress in wool, the pure, natural, uncolored article. It is good for sheep, and since the traditional view is that the human race is only a flock of sheep to be shepherded and fleeced, why—the logic is plain.

But a famous Boston doctor tells us, on equal authority, that cotton is "the only wear." I do not recall his reason. Perhaps it is part of a universal system of vegetarianism.

On the other hand, Dr. Felix Oswald, of New York, loudly proclaims that the only thing that ought to touch the outside of a civilized being is linen.

Meantime what is a distracted man to do as the cold weather comes on? Prof. Blot used to say that the best cup of coffee was the one that contained a mixture of the largest number of kinds. How would it do to get up a composite suit of underclothing and get the benefit of all the different varieties?

But this is only an illustration of a larger problem. I am not yet aged, but within my memory nearly all kinds of food have in turn been declared dangerous, if not fatal. The same is true of all the drinks. Fleeing from the threatening qualities of Cochituate, I am confronted with the magnified forms of death that lurk in the insidious bottle of Apollinaris. And then I am startled by an array of statistics prepared by an English medical commission, wherein it is conclusively shown that all water is dangerous. At any rate, these figures are said to prove that, in the tables of longevity, the "total abstinence" man stands lowest.

It begins to look as if there was "a good deal of human nature" in doctors. As a man reads the Bible, and sees all texts that make for his opinions and treats the rest as "figurative," so may it not be with others besides theologians? There is such a seductive tendency in men to make their foot-rule the measure of the universe.

It seems to me just possible that there is a grain of truth in the old proverb: "What is one man's meat is another man's poison." Those who, logically, ought to die, as matter of fact keep Aaron and Aunt Kate, and there were Jacob right on living, and those who ought to and Matthew, big boys of ten and twelve, by sympathy that is the next best thing to exlive do die. Perhaps a little individu- and there were Mary and Deborah, and lit- perience and knowledge. And then the man, ality should come in here, as in some tle Sally and wee Tom. other things. If a man has not sense enough to find out what kind of food and drink and clothing agrees with him, and to govern himself accordingly, then -perhaps it is just as well for the world if he has any sense, then experience treme far corner. That belonged to Uncle as to how to live.-M. J. Savage, in Bos-

# TWO AMERICAN FABLES.

# The Ass and the Wild Horse, and the Fox way looking out.

THE ASS AND THE WILD HORSE. was approached by a Wild Horse, whose graceful movements and perfect freedom from the restraints of Man so filled the Ass with Envy and Delight that he short acquaintance soon revealed that his difficulty with a single stroke. "That begged the Privilege of making an Ex- strength was that of the protecting oak cursion in his company. The Horse that the vines cling to. consented and the two set out together, but they had not traveled above three or four miles when a pack of wolves made a rush and cut the Ass off from his companion. He cried out in Terror galloped away:

"I had forgotten to mention the Fact that this sort of life has its drawbacks round, with a stride or two Uncle Aaron dried corn, we'll want 'em to-night," he as well as any other, and this is one of

Moral: Nature puts us all where we Belong.

THE FOX AND THE PEASANT. One day Reynard approached a Peasant who was working in his Field and

said: "For some Reason or Other there Appears to be a want of Confidence between the Peasants and the Foxes."

"Yes," replied the Peasant as he rested for a moment. "This makes it Unpleasant for both

of us, and I have been Delegated to see if we could not come to some Mutual Understanding." "I am willing."

"Very well," continued the Fox as he

looked at the sky to hide the Twinkle of Satisfaction in his eye. "To prove your full Confidence in us leave the door of your Hen House open to-night. That will be a Proof that you no longer Regard us as Thieves and Marauders." The Peasant Agreed to this, but while he left the door open he set a Trap just inside, and when he arose next morn-

ing, lo! the Delegate was fast in the "Is this Keeping your Agreement

with me!" blustered Reynard as the Peasant approached?" "Was not the door open?"

"Yes, but you set this Trap inside! Release me at once, and in future my the maple," said Aunt Kate, as she turned Dealings shall be with more Honest over the last brown cake on the griddle.

"Gently, Sir Reynard," said the Peasant, as he tapped him on the head with a Club, "had you kept to the outside Trap. The fact that you were Inside | sure (here she gave a chuckle) if there's you would never have known of my proves that you wanted my Poultry at "Ouch!" said Matthew, sudden

the Expense of my Confidence." Moral: Give a Thief opportunity to Reform, but carry your wallet in your

No Better Evidence Possible. very grateful for that box of cigars I

gave you for a birthday present. Mr. Billus (in anguish of soul)-Not grateful, Maria? Thunder! Ain't I smoking them?-Chicago Tribune.

### THE FAITH-FLOWER.

There spreadeth a wide, wide meadow, Sunny and green and still, A brooklet ripples through it, Above it rises a hill.

A hill that is dark with cedars, And bright with sumach's glow: And where an old road climbeth Tall oaks and walnuts show.

Along the edge of the meadow A wood its shadow throws, And leaning branches quiver Above that field's repose.

And there, when willows whiten As the winds of heaven blow free, In the fairy days of childhood There bloomed a flower for me,

It lifted its face to heaven, And when the sun shone high, Its fringed lids it opened, As blue as the autumn sky.

O! the wonder and the beauty That in that blossom lay! Through long years I remember That fair October day.

The splendor of gold and crimson 'Mong the cedars dark and still, The sunshine warm on the meadow, The purple haze on the hill. And the gentian by the brookside

Through the tender light I see, With heavenly grace illumined-The flower of faith to me.

And I feel the tuneful breathings

Each wandering breeze let fall In the mystery all around us, And the love that is over all. But now an autumn cometh,

With its frosts and its glory crown, But my spirit seeketh the meadow Far from the dusty town. And where the brooklet floweth,

From every care beguiled, I look into those azure petals With the eyes of a little child. O! blessed are the memories That naught can take away-

The memories sweet and tender. Of childhood's happy day! And blessed are the promises That in later years we read As they lie along our pathway

In the blossom and the seed

So I love that wide, wide meadow. Where the winds of heaven blow free, For there, in the hillside shadow, The faith-flower bloomed for me. -Ellen M. Dole, in Housewife.

A WIFE REDEEMED.

A Pathetic Story of a Woman's Folly and a Man's Heroism.

BY MRS, ISOBEL H. FLOYD. [Copyright, 1889.]



HE OLD house, built of heavy logs, covered on the roof with hemlock bark, lev. It was a rich old house despite

(fifty years ago), having a loft, or second did not speak words that went beyond the story, over the main room. This was win- boy's understanding. dowless, but was considered a luxury for At last every body had been asked that all that. It was reached by a ladder, made on, and save the fool-killer trouble. But a large packing box, was away off at the ex- house upon the ledge of the mountain. "safe" person in this world is the one slept upstairs on thick beds of clean hay, How many plates and mugs have yer?" who has learned his own personal lesson covered over with pillows and warm quilts. It was early in the morning one fine day in early spring, and Aunt Kate was busy frying cakes for breakfast, the children were laughing and scrambling overhead, and Uncle Aaron was standing in the door-

Over six feet high, brawny and broad, An Ass who was at Pasture one day gray eyes were half hid under his busny evebrows, and his short brown beard had a glint of the sun in it. There was an air of decision and strength about Uncle Aaron that rather awed me at first sight, but a

"Mary! Mary!" called out Aunt Kate up for Assistance, but the Horse said as he to the door-way, "do tend to them ere boys, ing situation. He stood big and awkward, will yer! They're wusser 'n tadpoles."

word he seized Matthew, the eldest boy, by something that he could do to help along the neck, and dropped him down to the the approaching celebration. room below; next he took Jacob and swung



"WHERE YER GOIN' ?" HE SAID.

monious fashion. Then reaching out his long arms, he gathered up little Sallie and wee Tom, and gently carried them down. gray and old after her bonnet was off. Her "There, mother," he said, "here be all the

lambs; now where be the fodder?" "Ready in a minute; jess wait till I get "Mebbe," said Uncle Aaron, looking re-

flectively at his plate, "mebbe they won't "Yer can see, at any rate," said Aunt Kate. "I think Surah and Tom 'll come

out and turning savagely round upon Jacob, "can't you let me be?" "You pesky boys!" exclaimed their moth-

Boot-leg when in his Company.—Detroit Free Press.

er, "why can't you keep quiet?"

"Thar's ten rolls down here, but thar's more up thar (pointing to the loft overhead) if we need 'em. Aaron's a good prohability. Matthew's curly pate; "there, now put vider." Mrs. Billus-John, you don't seem | maple on me again, will yer!" and dodging successfully both his mother's and Matthew's outstretched hands, he escaped through the door-way and out.

proudly. "You good for nothing!" cried his mother, balf starting from the table.

"There-there, don't bother," said Uncle upon coming in, and they sewed and tied Aaron, authoritatively, "boys is boys-don't and worked on the quilts until about seven

Mumbling with her mouth half full of trious ones were beginning to weary with cakes. Aunt Kate's brow cleared and the work, and the idle ones were growing tired breakfast was finished in peace and quiet- from not working, and all were wishing for ness. "Well, mother," said Uncle Aaron, supper time to come, suddenly outside was putting on his hat and standing up great | heard the sound of a fiddle. and strong, "I'll see to the askin' of 'em, and do you tend to the feeding." "Never fear," nodded his wife, confidently;

"I'll give 'em a good square meal." Catching up little Sallie, Uncle Aaron kissed her on both her rosy cheeks and put her down again. Then he took up Tom, the two-year-old baby, and, cradling him a moment in his great, strong arm, looked down at him curiously. "Poor little chap! It's a long world you've come to, do you know it? he whispered. The child's brown eyes smiled back at him and the little face nestled close. Resting his brown face over the wee one for a moment, the man's heart heaved. In another moment he put him down and strode out at the door.

Outside, mischievous Jacob, with a triumphant grin, was awaiting him. His father smiled back at him, and began to go down the mountain. Jacob followed at his heels. "Where yer going?" he said. "To Susan's and Ellerys and Dan'l's to

see if they'll come over.' "What to do?" said Jacob. "A quiltin'-yer mother has wanted i

this good spell." "Lordy!" cried the boy, his eyes spark ing, "will yer lemme sit up!" "Oh, yes," answered Uncle Aaron, "if yer behave yourself. See here," he said stooping and picking out a pale blue blossom

"Yes," said the boy, looking at it with in terest, "it be." "It just 'bout matches the sky up yonder, so pretty and so blue," caressing it softly with one of his huge fingers, sticking it care fully into his trousers' belt, half apologetically. "It seems serter too bad to leave it die here, and no one to keer for it."

haif hid at the root of a tree, "aint-that-

The boy nodded understandingly and broke off a bit of birch bark and began to chew on it. Both went rapidly down the mountain side. They soon came to the house of the "Ellery folks." Two little mites, seeming to be all pink calico and big sun-bonnets, were sitting in the dirt outside. A woman was busy washing with a big tub that stood in the doorway. Chil dren and country folks take up the thread f existence just where they have dropped

"Mother's a goin' to have her quiltin' tonight, can you come?" said Uncle Aaron, without ceremony.

Mrs. Ellery rested her soapy hands on the edge of the tub and answered: "Mebbe. Who's comin'?"

"Most all the north side folks, I reckon, Sarah and Tom, and the babes, and Dunham and Susan-most everybody!" said Uncle Aaron, sweeping out his arm com-"Yes," said the woman, "we'll come-but

tell Sarah not to expect much from me. I'm tuckered out now, and hain't had no ime to do my own sewing." "That's all right," said Uncle Aaron: tell Tom to bring his fiddle with him."

"Yes," nodded Mrs. Ellery, lifting her head for a moment, "he'll fetch it." "Come on, Jacob," said his father, but as he strode off the stopped long enough to drop a thick layers of lump of sugar into the laps of the pink calico mites, who received this gift from the clouds rested on a ledge without a gleam of thankfulness. One of veins, get up! Any as is a man and not a

stretches of distance that lay between the its rough outside, various houses, with scarcely a break in the further entreaty of a lively country jig for inside was their silence; and, yet that walk was not a on his fiddle, that set the girls' eyes to a wealth of hu- lonely or a void one, either to the father twinkling and their feet to beating time. or to the son. The man saw more than the boy, had lived more-had felt more-but there was that in the lad of comprehension although a great man, was half dumb him-It was a large old house for those days | self, not having the gift of expression, so he

they wished to ask to come that night to by Uncle Aaron. On one side of the house the "quiltin"." Finally they came back to for him not to stay here. Let him go was a tuge fire-place, and a bed, resembling their original starting-point—the old log stiffly—their feet began to move, carrying "Well, mother," said Uncle Aaron, "they will become his teacher. The only Aaron and Aunt Kate. The children all be all a comin', so do yer cleverest to-day.

> "Count 'em," said Aunt Kate, pounding into a batch of bread vigorously; "all of 'em's on the shelves thar." A few moments of silence, wherein Aunt Kate went on kneading up the loaves, and Uncle Aaron, with puckered-up brow and much head-work, kept murmuring low: "That's thirteen, fourteen, fifteen-I tell strong and muscular, his keen, twinkling you, mother, there's fifteen all told, countin' in them two ere tin ones you bought o' the

> > peddler. What'll we do! There bees move'n that a-comin'." "They will have to wait their turn, then." said Aunt Kate, cutting that knot of the makes no differ. We're not supposed to

keep a chiney store." The superior air of wisdom with which the ladder, "do make them ere children his wife said this was not without its efstop that noise, do you hear? Come down | feet upon Uncle Aaron. He felt a sudden here, you Jacob! Matthew, if yer don't stop | humbling estimate of himself that he had a pulling of his hair I'll switch yer good! often feit before in the presence of his Father," she said at last in despair, going | wife's practical remedy for an embarrassrubbing his cheek with one hand, "Reckon With a telerant smile and an easy swing | I'll go and fetch in some of them ears of reached the top of the ladder. Without a said, after vainly searching around for

"You'd better fetch in some logs for the him down after him; then he handed Mary | big chimney," said his wife, "we hain't got

"All right," answered Uncle Aaron, cheerfully, "that's more in my line-I'll fetch 'em," and picking up his hat off the floor, where he had thrown it, he went out. Aunt Kate went on pounding the bread, with a smile upon her face.

By half-past three in the afternoon all was in readiness to receive the company.

were bright through the same cause. Big logs burned and crackled in the great chimney; the wooden shelves glittered right with polished tins; the box bed in the corner had on its best sunflower spread, and Aunt Kate herself, resplenlent in solferino-colored merino, stood in the center of her room, looking about her | the shadows, and Jacob, taking a seat upon | east side of the room. The first to arrive have been. The man reached out his hand. was Mother Bansom, noted for being the "best quilter" for miles around. Her welcome was cordial.

"Give me your bonnet. Cold weather for spring. Sitthar," said Aunt Kate. Mother Bansom's wrinkled face looked her lap for a moment, and then from the depths of a big calico bag she brought forth | be yer! We want some more cider!" a quilting needle and her thimble. "Oh, take yer time," said Aunt Kate,

generously. "I'd rather begin to once't," said her guest, walking over toward the quilting Aunt Kate smiled, well pleased, and

with nimtle fingers. "How many have yer?" she asked. weighing the bunches of gray cotton wad-

ding.

"Be thankful he's your man and no one else's, tnen," said Mother Bansom. "I be," said Aunt Kate, nodding her head

Very shortly all the women folks began to arrive. All went to work immediately! with companies.

o'clock. Then, just as the more indus-

"That's Tom!" cried several at once.

In accompaniment to the fiddle came out the words in a clear, strong voice: "I said, pretty Polly, will you marry me? Oh no, no, dear sir, that can never be! For I never shall be happy 'til Billy I see!

'Just hear him!"

I'll go to some tailor's, I'll hasten away, I'll dress myself up in some young man's arrav: I'll dress myself up so neat and so trim.

And I'll go and I'll fight Great Britain's King!" And then it seemed as if the door was going to be broken in, he thumped upon it so. "Hello!" he cried, as Aunt Kate hastened to open it. "All dead in here? No? I reckoned you must be, seein' as how you was all a parcel of women and I didn't hear you talking. Ha! Ha!" laughed Tom, as he came in, mischief beaming in his blue eves. "What yer doing! Not through with that ere job yet, Mother Bansom? Oh, come now, you've done enough for to-day. Let be."

"I'll come in to-morrow and finish it up for you," whispered Mother Bansom, as Aunt Kate and several others began to fold up the work and put it away.

"All right," nodded Aunt Kate. Just then in came Uncle Aaron. "I seed Bates and Dunham down below. They'll be along soon, mother. You'd better get the victuals, hadn't ver?"

"We're a goin' to right now," said Aunt Kate, as she proudly began to spread the table. Several of her guests turned to and helped her, and soon there was a generous board of good things that looked very tempting to her hungry visitors. Very shortly all the "men folks" that were expected came, and all gathered around the



"HELLO!" HE CRIED.

ong table. After supper was over Aunt Kate set to work washing up the plates, cups, etc., and putting away the remains of the feast. After she had finished, Tom, with a comical smile upon his face, took up his fiddle, and standing in the middle of the room cried out: "All as has blood in their ing, take somebody else's, perhaps it will do The two trudged along, crossing the long just as well. But get up, men, get up!" And to this soul-stirring appeal he added But the men all stood still and looked

sheepish. Tom, taking no notice of this. played on perseveringly, and at last by a sort of mutual inspiration, without a word being spoken on either side, one of the young men and one of the young girls stood up together. This bold move won a nod of approval from Tom. "That's it! Now another pair of sparks, and the fire'll begin Ned-Mary! here, you two-what's come to yer?" Thus exhorted, Ned and Mary go. up and faced the other couple. Slowlythem backwards and forwards in a monot onous little track. Suddenly Tom snapped his strings with a thwang! "I wun't play another speck 'till yer dance! Come nowwake up-go it lively! turn yer partnerthere now-that's it! That's more like!" And stamping and playing, and swaying and shouting, he seemed to infuse life into the four wooden images like an electric shock. How they danced! How their feet the room grew excited and wild with them Oh, there's nothing in the world more glad than a dance like that! Where innocent fun runs riot-where every nerve and muscle is brought into play, and where one

laughs like a child through sheer delight. without a grain of the intellect in it! There's nothing in the world so joyous as a laugt just because one is happy. And happiness is a holy thing-a glimpse of the other world -even if you come by it through the strains of a worldly fiddle. That dance! Ah! how glad, merry and rollicking it was. All stood up and danced. Even sober old Mother Bansom's eyes shone, and her feet kept time. And as for the young folks! If ever there was good, downright wholesome en-

joyment for them, it was there that night in that old log house. At last they had to stop for a breathing spell, and Tom, triumphant, shining with enthusiasm, rested his beloved fiddle for a moment on his knee. "Let's have some

cider!" he cried. "And where's the nuts and the corn to pop!" said Mrs. Ellery. "Ill fetch 'em," said their hostess with pardonable pride, bringing forth a bounti ful store. And then-the laughter, the fun the popping of the corn, the sweetness of the cider, the red apples, the redder cheeks of the girls, the bright eyes, the nonsensethe breeze of enjoyment that was in that old house that night! Right in the height of the fun and merriment Uncle Aaron quietly left the room and went outside. Strange The "store stove" shone with a brightness to say, inside he felt lonely. He went out that did honor to Aunt Kate's muscle, and side, all unmissed, and seated himself on a still a little later the children's rosy faces fallen log, under the shadow of a tall pine tree. He was without a hat, and his strong face was sharply outlined by the clear light of the room. The valley beneath looked like a painter's dream-and he felt its beauty. He heaved a sigh of unconscious pleasure and looked all around. Just then a small, white, childish face came up out of with pride. A large quilting frame resting the log beside him, said softly: "Father." upon four upright logs stood over at the He was not in the way. Another would

moonlit picturé beneath, said under his breath: "Lad, that ere is pretty." For answer the boy sidled up to his knee his breast. The big man just stroked his long, bony hands kept moving restlessly in hair and said nothing. Just then a woman's voice called out: "Aaron! Aaron! Where

[TO BE CONTINUED.] Origin of Well-Known Mottoes,

Dieu et mon Droit was used by Richard L. Y.) Argus. A. D. 1193. The Boheman crest, viz., three ostrich feathers, and the motto Ich dien, "j serve," was adopted by Edward the Black looked on with admiration as this acknowl- Prince, at the battle of Cressy, the King of edged expert turned over the calico spreads Bohemia being slain in the battle, 1346, not be paid by moonshine or shouting, Honi soit qui mal y pense was the motto of so let those who want a pure Govern- lic when a new State was admitted into the Garter, 1340-50. Je maintiendrai, "I wil | ment put their hands in their pockets | the Union it was the fashion to send the maintain," was adopted by William Iff. and make personal and public subscrip- brainiest men it had to the Senate. But 1688. And Semper eadem was ordered by tions. Shoot that man on the spot who the fashion has changed. Look over Queen Anne to be used as her motto. The spends a penny for dishonest elections, the list from the two Dakotas and motto of the Royal Humane Society in En but put men as thick as grasshoppers Washington. They have picked out gland, organized for the recovery of drown ing persons, is very appropriate: Lated scinti'lula forsan-"a small spark may luri unseen."-Christian at Work.

DEMOCRACY'S FUTURE.

The Shackles Which Curb American Commerce Will Soon Be Thrown Off.

I believe that the year 1890 will witness one of the greatest triumphs the change in public sentiment at the which the Democratic party of this North concerning Senator Blair's wild country has ever enjoyed. The signs scheme of National education than the of the times all point that way. Our earnest opposition of the most promidefeat in 1888 did not discourage the nent and most trusted educators of the give token that he appreciates the honor Democracy. It left the party as deter- negro at the South. A singular misconmined as ever to achieve its great ob- ception of the truth is betrayed by the jects-economic government and tariff | Burlington (Ia.) Hawkeye when it says: reform. Perhaps never in the history of the of every one regarding the Blair educa-

world was a defeated party so full of tional bill, it may be safely put down spirit and courage as was the Demo- that the opposition to it from the South cratic party after election day in No- is most bitter among those who would vember, 1888, and that spirit and that not have the negro educated at all if courage have been increasing. The they could prevent it." As a matter of Democratic party is in better shape fact, the stoutest Southern opposition to defeated than the Republicans are in the "Bill to Promote Mendicancy" has success. Rallying for tariff reform and come from men connected with the ingood government generally, we en- stitutions established especially for the gaged the enemy last fall in Ohio, Iowa education of the negro. and Virginia and emerged victorious | One of these is Rev. W. E. C. Wright, from the contest. In Massachusetts the professor in Berea (Ky.) College, who cause of tariff reform has become so objects to the bill from "the fear that formidable that leading Republicans it would diminish, rather than increase, his wagon. His great superiority over them last November, will probably go schools," and gives this conclusive rea- at other times. The moment he has fin-Democratic next fall unless their party | son for such apprehension: "Already the | ished his lunch of oats he begins to ask, does something decisive for tariff re- agitation of the measure is occasionally in a way not easily to be mistaken, for

not look to it for relief. I feel confident that a Democratic ma- it offered on the plan of the Blair bill, catcher. jority will be returned and that a new being conscious that in the end it would President Harrison's Administration give, but education through self-help. the people that nothing more will be not worth much. Apply the Blair bill as never before for a quarter of a cent- to educate themselves."-N. Y. Post. ury. They realize that they must have cheaper materials for manufacture or go

down in the conflict. The "campaign of education" is going on all the time. The people are steadily learning, and the shackles which now curb and confine American commerce and manufactures will soon be thrown off. The principles of Jefferson, which are the vital principles of self-government, were not born to die. Fools may predict Democracy's death; knaves will certainly hope for its death; but the predictions of the one and the wishes of the other will be alike futile to bring about the destruction of Jefferson's faith.-Benton McMillin, M. C., in N. Y. Journal.

### TAXATION BY TARIFF. fhe Grand Old Man Wipes the Floor with

Puissant Jingo Jim. In the current number of an American review William E. Gladstone and James vote as they please, and their votes other day when he was catching in the of the mountain, them, indeed, inspected hers very closely, mouse, get up! Take the love of yer heart | G. Blaine discuss the tariff question as are counted. When they travel they presence of quite a crowd one of Gladstone, of course, argues in favor of tions equal to those enjoyed by the

free trade. Equally, of course, Mr. Blaine argues in favor of protection. The most careless reader of the essays can not fail to perceive that Mr. Gladstone speaks for the millions of American toilers, producers and consumers, and that Mr. Blaine speaks for the few hundred thousand of manufacturers, capitalists and monopolists. Protectve tariffs are great institutions for capitalists, beyond a doubt. Nobody has ever questioned this proposition. Mr. Blaine is seemingly satisfied in proving a thing which has not been disputed. Mr. Gladstone, on the other hand, holds that protection is immoral and unjust, and that the mass of the people suffer by it. His argument is unanswerable, and is not answered by Mr. Blaine. In his epitome of the situation in this

country Mr. Gladstone is particularly I will then proceed to set forth some of the uses, which, by giving exceptional energy and exceptional opportunity to the work of production in America, seem to allow (in homely phrase) of her making ducks and drakes of a large portion of what ought to be her accumula-

tions, and yet, by virtue of the remainder of them, to astonish the world. 1. Let me observe, first, that America pro duces an enormous mass of cotton, cereals, meat, oils and other commodities, which are sold in the unsheltered market of the world at such prices as they will yield. The producers are fined for the benefit of the protected interests, and receive nothing in return; but they obtain for their country, as well as for the world, the whole advantage of a vast natural trade-that is to say, a trade in which production is carried on at a minimum cost in capital and labor as compared with what the rest of the world can do

2. America invites and obtains in a remarkable degree from all the world one of the great namely, capital. 3. While securing to the capitalist producer a monopoly in the protected trades, she allows

all the world to do its best by a free immigration to prevent or qualify any corresponding monopoly in the class of workmen. 4. She draws upon a bank of natural resources so vast that it easily bears those deductions of

from being vaster still. If all tariff controversies were as clearly defined as this one appears to be there would be less popular uncertainty | publican press to the contrary,-Cleveon the subject. Protection is a good land Plain Dealer. thing for the few. Free trade is a good thing for the many. Mr. Blaine is content with proving the one. Mr. Gladstone establishes the other. Which policy, then, is most likely to benefit the mass of the American people?-Chicago Herald.

Montana's Senatorial Muddle.

It seems that the political muddle in Montana will be straightened out at Washington, and, as a matter of course, without reference to justice or law. Two sets of Senators are to be sent to put up with direct taxation. The adthe capital, and the Republican major- vantage of the present system, in his ity in the Senate will not likely be deterred by any consideration of far play not know how much they are taxed, and from giving the disputed seats to those and pointing to the beautiful shimmering to whom they do not rightfully belong. Should this be done, the spectacle will the goose so as not to make it cry.be presented of two United States Sensat on it, reached up his arms, put them ators elected by a rump Legislature, around his neck and laid his head down on without a shadow of authority from for the privilege of writing the inscripto which the world owes so much, would of seven Republican Senators out of a

> "Put your money into elections! The great expenses that are necessary can inscriptions.-Atlanta Constitution.

Herald.

Pious John as a Eluffer.

FEDERAL EDUCATION.

Senator Blair's Wild Scheme to Pauperize the Southern Schools.

One of the handsomest of the horses Nothing has done more to bring about which drag Uncle Sam's mail wagons about is a big fellow named Tom. Tom would be a ornament in any walk or trot of horse life. While his actions of working in a Government position for the good of the people, they also indicate that he feels that there is a good deal of drudgery attached "Whatever may be the individual views to the honor. Tom would probably much prefer to be a carriage horse for some elderly lady who would not wish her coachman to drive him overhard, and in whose employ he would not have to eat his oats in a public square in full view of staring people. Yet he has an honest, open-hearted nature, is a sensible horse, and recognizing the fact that

as possible out of his daily routine. Tom is the happiest when waiting at the post-office for the load to be put into admit that the State, barely saved to local exertions for the support of his fellows is then more noticeable than used as a reason for not increasing State some one to come and play with him. How can the Republican party be the funds. Southern candidates for Con- If no one responds he taps the tires of friend of tariff reform? Its life blood is gress have been heard saying to their the front wheels with nervous raps of now monopoly. Its main supporters constituents: 'Your children have got to his hind feet. This usually brings some will never despoil themselves. It must, be educated. Would you rather pay for of the drivers to the front. They all from the very nature of its make-up, be it yourselves or have the Nation pay for know that Tom wants to play ball. the enemy of reform. The country can it?" Another such opponent is General Catching is his favorite pastime when S. C. Armstrong, head of the Hampton off duty. There is not a base-ball In 1890 another election of Repre- (Va.) Institute, who says: "We would crank in the country who likes to watch sentatives to Congress will take place. not accept aid from State or people were a game more than Tom likes to play as tariff bill will be passed by the Demo- do us more harm than good. For here advantage. A dog's mouth was evident-

all occupations in life have their draw-

backs, tries to get as much enjoyment

BASE-BALL CRANKS.

A New York Horse Which Likes to Play

A horse catching ball plays at a discratic House during the last years of it is not mere education that we seek to ly made to enable him to catch any thing thrown to him. A horse's wasn't. which will be such an object lesson for Take out the self-help and the rest is It is apparently a painful effort for a horse to open his mouth more than two needed upon which to conduct the Pres- to the Southern school system and it or three inches. Tom has practiced idential campaign of 1892. New En- will check the growth of the best thing until he can get his jaws twice as gland is now clamoring for low duties in Southern life, the effort of the people far apart as the ordinary horse usually does. The pitcher stands ten or twelve feet away, not in front, but on one side of Catcher Tom. Tom lays his head The South Ready and Willing to Be over sideways, opens his mouth to its widest extent, and when ready-as some Even in the oldest and most orderly of the drivers say-winks one eye for communities deplorable outbreaks of the pitcher to proceed. If the ball is thrown with any degree of accuracy he But just and thoughtful men do not will get it every time. When he "muffs" udge a commonwealth or a people by a it he is very angry with the pitcher.

It took Tom some months to acquire this trick. He is not particular what he and the general progress of the masses catches. If it is an apple, or even a banana peel, he stops the game long enough to eat it. If it is a bad ball, a apon the facts when she is called upon | wad of paper, or an orange peel, he to justify her methods in dealing with holds it until the pitcher comes up, being unable, with all his genius, to

In less than a quarter of a century the gain proficiency in throwing. black citizens of this single State have The larger the audience the more accumulated \$20,000,000. In the South Tom seems to enjoy playing ball. He there are now 16,000 schools for the does not, however, like to have other blacks, almost entirely supported by the attractions about to detract from the in-Southern whites. These black citizens | terest with which he is regarded. The a pair of mules standing near picked up a piece of newspaper and began to whites. They exercise every political devour it. The boys at once deserted and legal right given to other citizens. Tom and began to hunt around for paper Unlike the blacks of the North, the to feed the mule. Tom refused to catch Southern blacks can enter every trade, the ball when the pitcher threw it to and no effort has ever been made by any him, and it is said, wouldn't play again labor organization to prevent them from for two days.-N. Y. Times.

If this is not genuine progress in its INVENTION OF GLASS. best sense, then we do not know what progress is. Our millions of blacks, suddenly emerging from ignorance and Habits of Civilized Nations slavery less than a generation ago, No reader of history can have failed under our laws and friendly care now to be struck with the enormous political enjoy all the rights of American citizenship. They have been educated at our and social results which flowed from a

various avenues of employment are open to them. What more could be dethat an occasional incident not in harmony with it can not unmake it. We ask our Northern friends who honestly desire to deal fairly with us if this is

SOUTHERN RACE TROUBLES.

Judged by All the Facts.

few exceptional cases of disorder and

violence. The drift of public opinion

The South can afford to rest her case

lawlessness sometimes occur.

are the matters to be considered.

the so-called race problem.

DRIFT OF OPINION. -There seems to be no abatement of President Harrison's antipathy to

Judge Gresham.-Buffalo Courier. -With sturdy farmers at the plow and the honest farmer at the ballot box, Georgia need have no fear for her prosperity and happiness. - Atlanta Jour-

-There is no doubt that Mr. Cleveand has a very strong hold on the peoelements of production without tax of any kind ple, and, strange as it may seem, his popularity appears to be steadily increasing. Even Republicans of prominence have a good word to say for him. -Savannah News.

- The next Senator from Ohio will

be a Democrat and elected by the honest aprovidence which simply prevent the results | conviction of the Legislature. There is not a man among the Democratic members who is not above reproach, notwithstanding all the slurs of the Re--Mr. Holman has been a member of the House of Representatives for nearly thirty years, and there is no man

> incessant and utterly disinterested services. No public money has either been wasted or stolen with his complicity .the protective system, and would not opinion, is that under it the people do therefore do not murmur. The Cali-

Philadelphia Record. --- When Editor Shepard offers \$500 their State, and having only the votes tions on Henry Grady's monument he have been impossible if the people of betrays a faith in the power of money joint body of thirty-six legislators. Only that is almost idolatrous. We advise habit of spending their time after the the party that stole the Presidency in him to reform his views in this matter. 1876 and bought it in 1888 could so tram- If he has \$500 to spare, he would do ple on the constitution. - Albany (N. | well to donate it to the poor. In this | tumult would only feebly penetrate .way he can build a monument to himself while living and leave to loving hands the grateful work of preparing the

-In the earlier days of the Repubover the State to see that there is an their richest men. Speculators, corpobonest ballot and an honest count." ration attorneys, land-grabbers, mine-Thus spoke Bro. John Wanamaker at owners or cattle-kings have pushed the New England dinner in Philadel- their way to the front and have become STRANGE as it may seem, sea captain phia the other night. And still we hope a perilous factor in all legislation afwho are wreckless are the most popular that Bro. John won't get shot. - Boston feeting moneyed or corporate interests. -Philadelphia Record.

It Wrought a Complete Change in the

expense. They have acquired homes simple scientific achievement, the invention of gun-powder. Without this and property under our protection. The beneficent explosive, the modern freedom of the common people, won from the great lords by means of the cannon This is the situation as it is. It speaks | which knocked their castles down about for itself. Our record is so far made up their ears, would never have been heard of, and the fire-arms of Poitiers, which terminated the hundred-years' war between France and England, made it possible thenceforth to compel not the right view .- Atlanta Conscitu- Kings and nobles to respect treaties, and induced them to think twice before entering into wars which offered some risk to their own precious persons, instead of merely the extermination of their subjects. In a somewhat similar way, according to General de Villenoisy, in "La Semaine des Constructeurs," a single peaceful invention-that of a sheet of glass-has brought about a profound change in the manners and habits of civilized nations. Except for glass windows, as he points out, a house could hardly be arranged without an inner court, the gynecæum of ancient times, or the harem of the modern Mussulmans. around which the private family rooms could be arranged, and in which the domestic operations of the household could be carried on. Even in our own time, few women would like to inhabit rooms lighted only by doors opening on the public street, and "Oriental seclusion" would be the rule of house-planning everywhere, followed by its natural consequence, the almost total separation during the daytime of the men, compeled to carry on their affairs in the bright light of the street, from the women, who, in the to whom the American people owe a absence of their protectors, would shut greater debt of gratitude for faithful, themselves up until they became as childish as the Orientals themselves. With the introduction of glass windows, in the middle ages, it became possible for the artisan or merchant to carry on -Senator Leland Stanford says his business at home, and he was glad that the people of this country want to do so; while his wife and daughters could work in the rooms over his head, protected from the weather, and from intrusion, by similar windows, which, at the same time, did not prevent them from looking into the streets, and interesting themselves in the stirring scenes fornia statesman believes in plucking which occurred so often in the cities of that period; and it can hardly be doubted that the civic enthusiasms of the tenth, eleventh and twelfth centuries, the European towns had been in the Roman fashion, in the peristyliums of houses to which the clamor of a popular

Mechanical News. Pretty Pictures in Sand.

Parisians have lately been entertained

by a remarkable artist, who displays wonderful skill in her peculiar form of painting. With plates of various colored sand before her, she takes the sand in her right hand and causes it to fall in beautiful designs upon a table. A bunch of grapes is pictured with violet sand, a leaf with green sand, the stalk with brown sand, and relief and shadows by other sands; when the work is brushed away a bouquet of roses and other objects are represented with the same dexterity and delicacy .- Pittsburgh Dispatch.